Two Worlds Collided

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by nobetterlove

Summary

> “I never truly believed how ruthless you could be until right now. You blinked and the sassy man I know completely disappeared. I find myself – affected by the shift,” Hannibal admitted, his obvious erection an odd juxtaposition to the plastic murder suits they were still wearing. Tucking his lip between his teeth, Will stopped himself from laughing – in the seriousness of the situation, a chuckle would be severely ill-timed.
>
> “This is me, Hannibal,” Will admitted, a dangerous smile on his face. “The monster, the man, the manipulation, the shift – it’s all me.”

Notes

> Hi friends! We're back with Will's POV & a few surprises for Hannibal. I enjoyed the heck out of this part - I hope you do, too!
>
> You definitely need to read the first two parts of this series for this one to make sense - most of Will's character development is in There's Pride In Your Mouth.
>
> I listened to Tear Us Apart during the writing process this time around, give it a listen while you read if you're so inclined!

See the end of the work for more notes

When all was said and done, the worst part of the encephalitis was the slow recovery. For most of the brain melting, Will stood caught between being completely out of it and cognizant without any recognition. Most of his life, headaches plagued him – the ramped-up frequency didn't even cross his mind.

The second his brain started to clear up, however, Will understood just how foggy things were – the clarity of his thoughts and feelings after the haze cleared was astounding, and more than a little eye opening.

Throughout his convalescence, Will watched Hannibal with an intensity that couldn't be touched before the brain melt. For whatever reason, be it the increased time together, or the clearness of his mind, Will felt more from Hannibal; his emotions were much more up front and open. It felt like slow work before the sickness. Each new thought he managed to chip away from the man felt like a victory proudly won.

Now, Will horded every one like a dragon with gold. They were flying at him, the worry, care, frustration, and spicy feeling of love seemed to seep from Hannibal's pores. Where one of those emotions felt like a brand-new experience, all of them together was a tidal wave of unknown greatness; his head spun with it, making him delirious with so many wants.

Of course, with that love came annoying habits like over protectiveness. Hannibal kept him in bed most of the time, even in the weeks where Will's strength returned to him more and more every day. Though he loved the moments where they simply existed together, Will needed stimulation – he craved the addicting feeling of creating, of stalking prey and bringing back the supplies to feed himself and his chosen mate.

Most of all – he wanted to be back in the kitchen.

Without a knife in his hand, the feeling of being lost set in. There were only so many episodes of Chopped and obscure cookbooks to peruse before the itch couldn't be denied. At least, that's what Will thought, anyway.

About a month after leaving the hospital, Hannibal gave him a trial run in the kitchen, the overprotective bastard leaned up against the counter as Will moved sluggishly from counter to counter to prep their food. Will made it through most of his chopping and sauce creation before a severe fatigue set in. Standing so close to the hot stove and being upright for a longer period of time than he had in weeks made for a devastating cocktail.

A thing that, after a bit of perusal, Will figured Hannibal was trying to prove to him, anyway.

With as little pout as possible, Will conceded to Hannibal's knowledge and got back to cooking at a pace that didn't put him back in bed and two steps behind in his recovery. Small steps were necessary and for Will, who spent his entire life always four steps ahead, felt like agony.

Where Hannibal did bend, however – was in the bedroom. As the reality of mutual devotion started to set in, the doctor's insatiability increased tenfold. The second Hannibal deemed him

healthy enough (and admittedly not long after their first shared “I love you”), they were on each other.

And since it was some of the only exercise that Will got to participate in, he took the effort placed upon it very seriously. Every kiss, nip, suck, and lick were employed to produce a maximum effect – the never ceasing end goal of breaking Hannibal down to moany, broken little pieces so stupidly important.

After almost ten weeks of Hannibal being by his side every second of the day, Will sent the doctor back to work. It was nice to be in his presence, truly – but the itching predator sitting under Will’s skin already felt trapped; the last thing he wanted was to snap and cause an issue. He would never kill Hannibal, that was for sure – but what the animal said under pressure, Will wasn’t sure he could control.

The space did them both a world of good – the truth of the matter evident when Hannibal walked back into the house after his first day and swooped Will into a desperate kiss. The thought of being missed by a person that controlled themselves so severely at every moment of the day was mind boggling. Will was under his skin and loved the feeling of power and want that brought.

Will let himself be manhandled out of the kitchen and up the stairs, Hannibal peeling them both out of their clothes along the way. Hannibal took his advice that morning and kept the layers to a minimum, only a shirt and tie stood in the way of bare flesh – which was decidedly nicer, no matter how great Hannibal looked in the damn waistcoat.

Once in the bedroom, Will flipped things around and pressed Hannibal against the door. With a swift kiss to his lips and a fast shift, Will hit his knees, his fingers already wrapping around Hannibal’s length. His tongue peeked out to swipe at the head of Hannibal’s cock, the soft foreskin already starting to pull back as arousal surged between them. He kept up the little kitten licks until rough hands slid into his curls.

“Will,” Hannibal moaned out, his fingers squeezing the hair between them. His hips pressed forward, the salty pre-come that dribbled readily smearing across the seam of Will’s lips. Licking up the spend, Will let the taste sit on his tongue before opening his mouth and sucking almost all of Hannibal down – the slightest gag adding a squeezing stimulus.

Sucking a breath in through his nose, Will forced himself to relax, and slipped the rest of Hannibal’s cock in his mouth, the tip of his nose pressing into the manscaped nest of curls covering Hannibal’s groin. Drool pooled in his mouth, the fluid dripping shamelessly down his chin.

The fingers in his hair squeezed a little harder, Hannibal’s hips shifting to press forward more, the move cutting of Will’s airway deliciously. The struggle to remember to pull another breath in through his nose added to the thrill.

Peeking up from under his lashes, Will met Hannibal’s eyes, the lust-blown darkness of those maroon beauties sending a thrill down his spine. His untouched cock bounced slightly, filling impossibly more. Hannibal was the first to look away, eyes rolling back and his jaw hanging open wide, looking almost unhinged.

Will finally pulled back then, the need to breath and swallow and close his mouth just a little bit winning out. He planned to take some abuse in the next few minutes and needed a second to collect himself. Wiping his hand across his mouth, he looked up again, glossy lips stretching around the words “fuck my mouth” seamlessly.

To Hannibal’s credit, he didn’t yank open Will’s mouth to thrust home immediately. His chest hitched a little at Will’s proclamation and he reached down without missing a beat. Yet, his touch was gentle when he pressed against Will’s jaw, the light tap opening his mouth. Will let him trace a thumb across his lips, then just barely managed to suck in a breath before inch by slow inch pressed inside.

Once buried in the heat of Will’s mouth, he watched as Hannibal lost all control. Hannibal buried his hands in Will’s hair, long fingers wrapping around the back of his skull to get a good grip on him. Slim hips hesitated for just a second before pressing even deeper, the tip of his cock hitting the back of Will’s throat ruthlessly. For a few minutes, Hannibal kept up that slow pace – his madness evident in the depth of his stroke.

Throughout the whole thing, Will flushed his mind and let go, his only grip the physical one he clenched against Hannibal’s hips. He didn’t try to control his movements, just held on tightly for the ride. His loose limbs and blank brain made it easy to soak in Hannibal’s pleasure – between the loud grunts and compounded empathetic feeling, Will could probably cum without even being touched.

Expecting to be swallowing around Hannibal’s cum before his throat was no longer filled with the thick cock, Will looked up with surprise in his eyes when Hannibal pulled back. The doctor’s eyes were black, Hannibal obviously lost in the lust – no traces of the person suit left behind. He reached down and easily hefted Will to his feet.

“You are the devil himself,” Hannibal said breathily, his thumb tracing over Will’s wet and abused lips. “That fucking mouth.”

The rare swear word brought a grin to Will’s lips, his skin prickling with a new surge of want. Hannibal, usually so prim and proper, let propriety fall to the wayside where passion was concerned. The looser the seams of Hannibal’s edges, the more relaxed everything about him became – language included.

Lost in his thoughts, Will didn’t notice moving or his back hitting the mattress until he felt Hannibal’s weight over top of him. Before doing anything else, Hannibal covered him from head to toe, the active process of scenting and refamiliarization one of Will’s favorites. Though he didn’t linger, Hannibal made sure Will felt him everywhere.

Soon, three fingers were deep inside of him, Hannibal stretching him without once touching his prostate. His walls were so sensitive, and a ball of anticipation sat heavily on Will’s chest, Hannibal’s manipulations of his body both perfect and teasing in their specificity.

Before he could even beg, Hannibal pulled his fingers out, quickly replacing them with the swift thrust of his cock. One thorough push and they were pressed flushed together, hip to hip.

There was just a second of shared breath where Will tried to breath and adjust, then Hannibal was thrusting – his rhythm steady, the immediate slap of their skin a delectable tangibility. So much of him wanted to just float away under the cloud of pleasure, but Will wanted to experience it all, every time – the physical cues helped him cling to the reality of it.

"Oh, fuck – Hannibal. Deeper – deeper, please. I want you deeper." Will finally begged, his body on fire from so much but not nearly enough. His pulsing length between them was leaking, stuck between sensitivity and a desperate need for friction.

Hannibal shifted to balance on one arm and gripped his chin with his free hand. He jerked Will's head up until they were eye to eye, no color left in either of their eyes. Will could see how close to the edge his partner was – tight abs were clenched like a sheet about to tear and those slightly crooked teeth were flashing with every harsh drag of oxygen in. In that second, he realized that once Hannibal let himself go, there wasn't any turning back.

Nodding in understanding, Will clenched around Hannibal's length and braced himself for the fucking he was about to take. With the lid off the box, there was no telling how things would end. The edge was near and like most things, Hannibal always put his best foot forward.

Without any build up, Hannibal sprung forward, his arms wrapping Will up tightly against his chest. His hips snapped ruthlessly then, the bed below them shifting with every thrust in and out. Every press of Hannibal's cock in nailed Will's prostate with dead-on precision. After only a handful of those wild thrusts, Will felt his cock dribbling copiously, his orgasm just seconds away.

"I'm going to come, Hannibal – fuck," Will grunted, his eyes glazing over, sparkly dots of light overcoming them in his pleasure.

Teeth in his neck and a sharp shout of "Will" into his skin were cues to Hannibal's own release, the heavy body on top of him seizing up, only to shake seconds later as greatness washed over him. Though they fucked often, Will knew he'd never get over the sight – even in surrender, Hannibal fought the release tooth and nail.

When it was all over, the entirety of Hannibal's weight settled over Will, the stickiness of his release smearing between their bellies – the doctor's guilty pleasure of always smelling like Will apparent in the move. They caught their breaths in tandem, the come down almost as glorious as the entirety of their coupling. With his empathy open, Will felt every pulse of Hannibal's emotions, satisfaction and addicting affection amongst Will's favorites (especially during times like this).

Though he would never bring it up, Hannibal took these opportunities to soak up the physicality. His nose dragged along Will's sweaty skin, the man taking in long breaths to inhale his scent right from the source. He catalogued and took Will in, like he wasn't doing that obsessively all the minutes they were in each other's presence. Because it felt nice, and strengthened Will's ability to actually read him, he let it happen – long sniffs, tickly kisses, and all.

“My intention wasn’t to jump you like that,” Hannibal admitted after a while, the gorgeous man now leaning on his elbow, his upper body only slightly pressing into Will. “I spent most of the day distracted by you, and when I saw you, I absolutely lost it.”

Huffing out an amused breath, Will reached up to run a hand through Hannibal’s unruly hair. “I’m not complaining. I love you – especially when you go rabid animal on me. My throat will be sore for days.”

Will felt the skin flush under his hand before the redness took over Hannibal’s cheeks. His lips were quirked in his secret little smile when they locked eyes again, amusement and affection apparent in the maroon gaze. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“No, Hannibal. For being in bed with The Chesapeake Ripper, your level of aggression is surprisingly tame.”

Hannibal went still then, his entire body stiffening. To negate the shift in mood, Will kept up the movement of his hand, long fingers continuing to brush through his hair, despite the uneasy quiet. The only sounds in the room for a few minutes were the steady inhale and exhale of breathing – Hannibal stared at him but didn’t say a word.

“When did you figure it out?” Hannibal finally questioned, his body relaxing minutely.

“I had a feeling for a while – I’ve always admired the work you do. I put the pieces together this afternoon, though. I checked Tattle Crime to see about some of the latest crime scenes and your latest victim caught my eye. The date of the article was a day after the opera – the timing couldn’t just be a coincidence.” Will stopped for a second, using his free hand to grip Hannibal’s cheek.

“I just wish I could have seen it in person. What you put together – it was beautiful.”

For a second, Will wondered if he broke Hannibal – there was a faraway look in his eyes, like the comprehension of it all was taking every ounce of his brainpower to really come to terms with. Then, hands were cupping his cheeks, Hannibal’s long fingers obsessively tracing each and every plane of his face.

“I wasn’t sure how you’d react. I know we share the same proclivities – but there’s an added bit of sadism to my work that is sometimes hard to swallow.”

“Hannibal – you’re going to have to get used to being seen like this. I’m not going anywhere and hope that the next time you tackle a tableau like that, you at least invite me to witness your work in action.”

A rare full-fledged smile overtook Hannibal’s face then, his fingers still stroking reverently. Maroon eyes stared into him, taking Will in, looking for any of those last-minute doubts. The unusual bout of insecurity making its way to the surface.

It was interesting, really – the hesitation that still existed within Hannibal. Will loved Hannibal because of his darkness, not despite it. He pulled all the strings he could to catch Hannibal’s interest. Drawn to the monster, Will wanted to see all of it – the passion and

aggression, the messiness and meticulous nature of his work, even the thought process behind the display. One day, hopefully very soon, he even wanted to partake.

It was one thing to hunt on his own – the years of doing so made it efficient and just enough to scratch the itch. With Hannibal, Will figured the satisfaction of it would be transcendent; two monsters sharing the darkest parts of themselves. A beautiful thought – and a desperate desire.

The topic dwindled down to nothing as the need to pull apart and clean up became paramount. Flacks of dry cum were a bitch to get off in the shower once they were well and truly stuck to his skin. Hannibal got him out of bed and into the shower with the promise of cooking a light dinner and relaxing in the study.

Throughout the rest of the night, Will watched Hannibal closely – a lot of big, thought changing things happened over the last few weeks; from falling in love to pulling down another wall between them, Will wouldn't be surprised if processing and handling weren't as easy as Hannibal wanted to make him believe. Though he was a bit quieter and more contemplative than usual, Hannibal made good conversation and showered him with subtle affections.

If things were off, Hannibal wasn't cluing him in.

For weeks after that, Will waited for something to happen. He slowly made his way back into the kitchen full time, and then to work for clients that were insanely glad to have him back. Most of the families he cooked for were some he'd been feeding since stepping out of culinary school – self-sustainment obviously didn't exist for them. In a way, Will treasured the feeling; the weeks he couldn't be in the kitchen were torture, knowing he was missed in his place of peace validated his feelings a little bit.

Returning to work, however, brought something else Will didn't get to partake in for some time to the forefront of his mind – hunting. Hannibal, ever the provider, kept a steady source of their preferred meat up throughout his recovery. Aside from work now, Hannibal only stepped out of the house to hunt and gather for them. He disappeared when Will was sleeping and seamlessly filled his side of the bed many times before Will even registered he left.

And despite being immensely grateful, Will ached to his very core with the need get back on the wagon. The first few days of work were tiring and didn't leave much room to do anything other than strip down and force Hannibal under the covers with him. With each day, Will regained a little more energy and a smidgen more uneasy anticipation.

It never felt like a compulsion before – killing. Will spent so many years getting all the steps right without touching another person. Yet, the second he let himself go, Will didn't understand how he went so long without it. Like a natural reaction, when the itch settled under his skin, Will scratched it. The need to moderate the behavior never occurred, and now that it did, Will wanted none of it. Apparent now, Will was a killer – every single part of him.

The monster inside of him needed a kill – and hoped Hannibal would tag along with him.

For two weeks, Will skimped away from his last client of the night a little early to trail the mark he had in mind. It didn't take long to see the man's pattern and after a little bit of digging, Will found the perfect opportunity to introduce Hannibal to the idea and experience his next pig out in the open one more time. Like all things that liked to play with their food, Will enjoyed the chase and final approach more than just about anything.

When Saturday morning finally rolled around, Will made a quick trip out to Wolf Trapp to grab the needed supplies for the surprise he planned to treat Hannibal to. He alluded to something interesting for the entirety of the week and when he got up to start the morning, Will had to convince Hannibal to stay in bed and not follow him. After the weeks of living together without truly living together, not spending each second they were free in the other's presence was a little odd.

He pressed a placating kiss to the doctor's cheek, his lips lingering for a half a second longer than usual. When he pulled back, Will whistled once, calling Winston into the room. Though he wasn't allowed in the room often, Hannibal bought a bed to sit by the end of their bed, anyway. Winston settled into it without being told, his eyes watching Will and Hannibal closely.

"Stay in bed, let Winston keep you company. I have two errands I need to run and then I'm all yours for the rest of the day. Or, I guess, you're all mine." Will started to walk out of the room, then turned back with a smirk on his face. "If you have to get up and get dressed, wear that maroon sweater that I like. You won't be needing a suit today."

Without waiting for Hannibal's reply, Will walked quickly out of the house before his possessive partner could talk him out of it. The peaceful drive out to Wolf Trapp eased a bit of tension – Will hadn't gone out to his house since the opera; Baltimore was closer, and the familiarity of Hannibal's place felt more like home than his out of the way house ever did before. Even the kitchen – a truth he never thought he'd ever admit.

It didn't take long to collect the needed supplies and the last of the clothes he really cared about. Aside from a few chef whites that were too nice not to have and the leather jacket Hannibal didn't bring with him when he brought the Harley, Will didn't need anything else – if Hannibal asked him to move in, he could that very second.

Glad to be reunited with his collection of hunting knives and the gift he meant to give Hannibal ages ago, Will finished around the house and locked up – the space more than likely going to sit empty until the next time he needed something. Less than half an hour later, Will climbed back into Hannibal's Bentley, Baltimore calling his name.

Impatient to get back to Hannibal, Will made quick work of his second errand – the adventure awaiting them called for specific ingredients that were easy to come by at the farmer's market. Aside from the artisan honey that was calling his name, Will only got the ingredients he needed; the last thing he wanted to do was give the game away before he was ready.

By the time he made it back to the house, Hannibal was up and puttering around in the kitchen – the maroon sweater Will requested pulled tight across attractive shoulders. Hannibal paired it with a fitted pair of black slacks and his token dress shoes, the needed

fanciness reached, despite the simplicity of his outfit. His face warmed considerably when Will walked into the kitchen and deposited the box he was carrying on the counter to free up his hands – which he wrapped tightly around Hannibal's hips.

"I see impatience got to you," Will murmured against Hannibal's neck, the words kissed into the skin there. He took in the smell of Hannibal's special bacon and the subtle crackle of egg being fried in a pan.

The domesticity of the scene was almost too much, but he quickly blinked the thought away – they'd been playing house for weeks now.

Hannibal hummed in response, his back relaxing as he leaned into Will's touch. "You didn't tell me much of anything before you left this morning. I thought at least breakfast preparation was allowed."

"You wore the sweater; I think I can excuse your lack of laziness. Did you make enough for two, or should I get out my knives?" Will asked, the sassiness in his voice dragging a chuckle from the man in front of him.

"I'll remember that for the next time I need you to agree to something," Hannibal shifted in Will's embrace while he spoke, his entire being moving in sync with the food preparation still going on. "I thought Winston might appreciate your portion, but since you're here."

Stepping out of Hannibal's space so he could finish at the stove, Will snorted – without the empathy, he might've never understood Hannibal's humor. Lucky for him, Will felt every ounce of Hannibal's enjoyment, their playful banter making the usually subdued doctor happy.

It still amazed Will, his ability to bring his monster genuine joy.

Still smiling, Will grabbed two plates and set them on the counter next to the stove. Around the same time, Hannibal pulled the eggs from the burner, his movements seamless as he plated the components one plate at a time. The meal was simple, but Hannibal would not be moved in terms of presentation – each meal was an opportunity to create a masterpiece, and Hannibal refused to miss out.

Will didn't miss a beat, grabbing the plates the second Hannibal deemed them ready. The dining room wasn't often used to eat breakfast, but the day called for it, so Will directed them there with a nod of his head and his shoulder opening the door. Hannibal lifted a brow, but followed, anyway – for someone who appreciated having control at all times, Hannibal's silence throughout was slightly deafening. Whatever the turnaround for this was, Will would gladly take it – Hannibal took care of him, a little fun was the least Will could do.

"So, are you going to tell me anything about today?" Hannibal asked after a few minutes, the sound of forks scraping the bottom of plates the only noise in the room before his words broke the silence. He brushed the last of his egg onto his fork, bringing the utensil to his lips. Will, in an attempt to stall, watched his lips open and followed the trail his tongue took as the bite entered his mouth.

Clearing his throat, Will picked up his napkin and dabbed at his lips, a smirk finally falling into place. A big part of him wanted to just give up the secret, but the look he hoped he'd find on Hannibal's face when they got there was too much to pass up.

"Nope. I've got everything we need and once we get the dishes done and Winston set for the day, you'll find out yourself."

With an amused grin, Hannibal swiftly pushed back from the table, his hands reaching for both his and Will's plates. Tucking the last bit of toast into his mouth, Will let his plate go and followed Hannibal back through the door into the kitchen. Between the two of them, the dishes were done and dry within minutes.

A quick peek at the clock told him they were right on track for time – after taking Winston out and feeding him, they were set and ready to go.

Hannibal moved to grab his keys off the counter, but was rebuffed easily, Will putting his body between the doctor and his pristine stainless steel. "You don't know where we're going, Hannibal. Just get in the car."

Eyes narrowed at him, so many questions obviously sitting on Hannibal's tongue – and yet, he nodded his head in concession, anyway. Will followed him out the door, closing and locking it behind them. If the place didn't feel like his home already, handling the mundane homeowner duties like locking up felt like a big step; for both their relationship and Hannibal. Will didn't yet have his own key, instead using a spare set whenever he needed the car.

Maybe one day.

Shaking the thought away, Will got into the car, sent Hannibal a wink, and quickly got them out of the driveway and towards their destination. A silent sort of tension sat in the air during the drive – the mood totally different than his first ride of the morning. Hannibal kept looking at him, and as they got closer to their destination, his intrigue increased.

"Are you planning to kill me, Will?" Hannibal questioned as they pulled up to what looked like an empty warehouse. His eyes were flitting between Will and the building, a predatory smile slowly forming on his face.

"Yes, because I'd leave the comfort of the fancy murder dungeon in your home to do that." Will shot him his own look, then continued. "We're doing something way more fun than that."

Will whipped them into the parking lot where the existence of more cars made Hannibal sit back in his chair, the slightest bit of disappointment washing over him. Feeling the emotion roll over him, Will bit into his bottom lip to hide the smile that threatened to beam brightly. Hannibal was the perfect person for him – the beautiful monster so complex in his desires.

Parking the car and popping the trunk, Will let Hannibal absorb the contents of it when the man joined him at the back of the car. There were vegetables to boot, cooking utensils, and a cooler with "chicken" thighs. It was a little bit of work to get into Hannibal's fridges without

the man knowing, but Will wasn't the monster he was without the ability to sneak around when need be.

Before Hannibal could ask what was happening, Will dug into the box of cooking utensils to grab the chef whites he got for Hannibal, the fancy cursive of the man's name embroidered across the left breast of the jacket. Handing them over, Will pulled out his own.

"This is the location for the Chef's Table pop-up competition this month. I've always needed a partner to compete and haven't had one until now. I thought – and correct me if I'm wrong – that we could take the culinary tag-team we make and win the damn thing," Will finally explained. He slipped into the coat before shifting his focus back to Hannibal, a pit of apprehension sitting in his stomach.

"And you thought keeping it a mystery would enhance the experience?" Hannibal retorted. His voice was flat, but his eyes were soft as he took in the chef jacket still sitting in the grip of his hand.

"I thought you might like spicing things up a little. I know that your time amongst the public has dwindled drastically since I came around – this way, we can do what I like while doing what you like, too."

Nodding his head slightly, Hannibal caught Will's eye for the first time since getting into the car. His cheeks were slightly flushed, his fingers still tight around Will's gift. "I've never cooked competitively before – do you have a menu planned?"

"I do – put that on and I'll run you through it."

They exchanged a long look – Hannibal's maroon eyes staring intently into Will's blues. For a second, Will saw a flash of a younger Hannibal, standing with a different gift from a different time in his hands like he was now. It took a moment to realize that the perpetually alone man standing in front of him didn't get gifts often, and when he did, they didn't have the significance of the one in his hand now.

"You're the best partner I could ask for, Hannibal. Looking the part is half the fun," Will said softly, breaking the space between them down to nothing within an instant. "Put it on – we've got some asses to kick."

Will felt a surge of delight when Hannibal finally shrugged into the whites, the jacket fitting perfectly across his trim shoulders. With a smile, Will stepped forward and did the bottom buttons up, leaving the top two undone like his own. He put a hand over Hannibal's name – the heart just underneath racing against Will's palm.

The moment was intimate and for the first time, they were mere inches away from standing on equal footing. The only thing missing was the final act of partnering together, and if Will got his way, they'd cross that bridge very soon, too.

"Looks great," Will whispered, leaning in to press their lips together lightly.

Hannibal reached up, grabbing Will's biceps in a tight grip. "You're a menace." He waited a beat and stole another kiss. "Thank you, Will."

Getting everything out of the car and into the little booth Will rented them was pretty easy after that. In the few months they'd been together, Will liked to give Hannibal time after big moments to try and collect himself. For the last few weeks, the only time Hannibal's masks went back up came when something new happened, or a sudden realization made a previously non-existent feeling pop up.

Will let him hide behind them – he spent his entire existence learning how to tap into people's emotions, and Hannibal spent his life keeping them as far away as possible. Forcing him to not only face them but swallow them dry – that was too much for anyone, let alone a human person like Hannibal.

They didn't need to talk, anyway. Things were easy between them in so many ways, but the kitchen was truly where they flourished. A part of Will thought Hannibal might be competitive when they stepped into the kitchen together at the beginning. Hannibal was possessive of things, his talents included. Yet, the second Will proposed cooking together after that initial night, Hannibal made room for him in his sanctuary. Much like himself, Hannibal sought a sort of solace in the kitchen – the space offered peace in a world that didn't even know the meaning.

The booth came with a fully equipped stove and oven, the middle of the space taken up by a cooking island that had a few appliances and tools on top of it. Possessive too of his things, Will brought the tools he would need from his own kitchen. It wouldn't do anyone any good to find traces of the actual protein they would be serving soon.

Instead of regaling the other with a menu, Will let Hannibal puzzle out the dishes based on what he brought. There were rich green vegetables and herbs that would make a delicious soup to act as their appetizer. Aside from the "chicken" thighs in the cooler, Will brought cream, a couple of different cheeses, and glazing wine. Though they didn't need to provide a dessert, Will knew Hannibal's chocolate souffle would win them the whole thing if the rest of the food wasn't going to already.

When the scent of cooking started to permeate the air, Will stepped up next to Hannibal, their shoulders brushing. "What do you think?" Will questioned, his eyes taking in the groupings of food Hannibal put together. Aside from the meat, which remained in the cooler, the man's guesses were dead on.

"I think you should use more coriander in your rub for the thighs. Maybe some pink peppercorn, too. I assumed from the parmesan cheese and snap peas that you took my suggestion of both garnishing the asparagus soup this time around." He leaned into Will's side, his lips pressing a kiss to the side of Will's head. "Did I miss anything? Souffle for dessert, if that decadent chocolate is anything to go by."

"Damn, I love you." Will mumbled absentmindedly, his head shaking with affection. "You're spot on, as always. I'll have to think a little deeper next time."

“Perhaps. It may be too, that I know you better than you think.” His cheeks were pinched in that secret little smile of his, mirth in both the look and his voice as he spoke. “I think I’ll let you work on the meat – your puree never comes out as smooth as it should.”

Taking the dismissal for what it was, Will sucked in a deep breath and rolled his shoulders, the mask of calm he pulled from taking its place. He unwrapped his knives with a soft sigh, the feeling of holding them in his hand completing the transition. With one last look at Hannibal, Will found the zone and jumped into it, his instincts and skill taking him over.

About forty-five minutes of cooking time later, a voice over a crackly speaker called for appetizer judging. Still handling the meat in its most delicate stage, Will didn’t register that fact until Hannibal was touching his elbow, his voice whispering “the judges wish to taste our first dish” in Will’s ear like an intimate secret. He turned down the heat and forced himself away from the range after another nudge, Hannibal sending him a look.

The real reason they were currently cooking in a small, ill-equipped booth instead of Hannibal’s kitchen stood in front of the food already plated beautifully. Walter Bowerman, a washed-up writer in the community, spent his free time making under the table money judging these small, hardly legal, competitions. The taste of his darkness was like ash in his mouth – Will couldn’t wait to extinguish the harsh flame.

No one would miss him – the hostility and discomfort the other two judges were oozing spoke to that.

In simpler terms, the perfect prey.

Clearing his throat after letting the silence go on for too long, Will went through the spiel of presenting the dish. He spoke simply, describing Hannibal’s process, all while watching Walter zone in on him more and more as the seconds past.

A shift in the air happened suddenly, two intense emotions meeting in the middle of it and clashing horribly. Hannibal wanted to rip the man’s throat out, and Walter – well, he just wanted to get his dick wet without the hassle. The intensity of it made Will want to wrinkle his nose.

There were a few moments where Will forced his attention on the words exchanged between them and the judges – he preened at the praise and felt the prickle of Hannibal’s annoyance lessen. By the time the judges were walking away, Hannibal was almost back to neutral, the killer back in his cage for the time being.

“Walter Bowerman, Will – did you bring us here for another reason?” Hannibal asked under his breath, the two of them working side by side now that the first course was under their belt. He radiated a wild sort of energy, his calm exterior only doing so much to stop the mania.

“I did. After the food is served, a collection of spirit makers around the city will present their newest creations. I have it on good authority that Mr. Bowerman likes to take advantage of the tasting – the word wobbling comes to mind when I think about how he gets himself home.”

Hannibal looked at him then, a flash of something new in those beautiful maroon eyes of his. His pupils dilated, a subtle red flush sitting just barely on the bridge of sharp cheeks. “You wish to take our partnership to a new level.” It wasn’t a question, and the way Hannibal said it sent a flurry of goosebumps down Will’s arm. They were treading dangerously intimate territory.

“That was the intention. Unless you’re opposed?”

There was a beat of silence, then warm lips pressing against the shell of ear. “You have no idea… how much I’ve wanted this.”

“Good,” Will mumbled, his brain a little fuzzy with happiness, and need, and an absurd want for more. “Let’s try not to burn the meat and we’ll see where the night takes us.” If he could just focus – they’d be one step closer.

The rest of their time in the kitchen went by without a flaw. Like Will figured, their creations wowed the judges, the “chicken” deemed best dish of the day. The look on Hannibal’s face when they were given a wad of cash and a lame victors’ plate was more than worth all of the anticipation planning brought over the last couple of weeks. His plan was going according to plan down to the very detail – some of it even better than expected.

Silence followed them into packing everything up, the need for it astounding now that a different sort of anticipation was starting to set in. Where he was completely closed up earlier in the day, Hannibal’s feelings were flowing from him – excitement and a severe sense of pride winning out over everything else.

They were an odd couple – waiting anxiously for the right time to catch and murder their pray like it was a normal date night. For them, it might quickly become just that.

Words weren’t exchanged again until they were safely ensconced in Hannibal’s car, the older man only waiting until the doors were closed before he was on him.

Their lips met in a messy kiss – Hannibal’s tongue making a pass at the seam of his lips almost immediately. Will managed to reach up and wrap his arms around Hannibal’s neck before all thought fled from his mind. The free-floating feeling of being wrapped up in everything Hannibal taking him under.

In the same way he started, Hannibal pulled away from the embrace suddenly, his chest heaving as he drew in breath, a sheen of spit just barely visible in the orange light of the parking lot. His eyes were sharp and when Will reached across to touch him, Hannibal’s heart was thumping hard against his chest.

“Don’t ever stop surprising me, Will.”

Stepping into the collective killer persona he created over the years with Hannibal by his side made it better, somehow. The idea of drawing from the man’s own passion flitted across his mind, but at the same time, Will could feel his own excitement bubbling up under his skin.

Killing in every instance before this one was a delightful game of cat and mouse. Though most of his victims didn't know they were the mice until Will deemed it so.

With Hannibal next to him, Will knew this kill would be different. Instead of the sport that was both challenging and satisfying, the connection between them would reign supreme – the night easily felt different already, and they were just barely setting out.

Besides the tacky murder suit (which fit him like a goddamn glove) Hannibal demanded he wear; everything was essentially the same. His knives were tucked into the small canvas satchel he always carried, and his empathy was open – ready to strike out and adapt if need be.

On the other hand – everything felt different, too. Never in his hunting did he sit down and plan out his attack to the very detail, but Hannibal insisted. In all his years behind the knife, Will didn't plan past a clean entry, attack, and getaway – his bodies were used for all their parts and pieces. Yet, Hannibal wanted to commemorate the occasion with a tableau (the additions Will insisted upon would really drive the celebratory feeling home). It was different, but a good different; one that, after years of being on his own, Will felt ready and excited to finally embrace.

Everyone needed a tried and true partner – even the monsters like him and Hannibal.

Their attack was quick and efficient. As he figured, Walter Bowerman was three sheets to the wind in his recliner by the television. People's regular habits were truly concerning – they didn't even make it hard to find a weakness. Knowing that no security system existed, Will tried the back door, a smile of triumph overcoming his lips when it slid open without any force at all.

While Will hadn't mastered the use of chemicals that didn't taint the meet himself, Hannibal's medical knowledge came in handy – with a single needle to the neck, Walter was slumped over even further into his chair, like a puppet with its strings cut.

Between the two of them, they got the stiff, barely tied up body into the back of one of Hannibal's undermarked cars. They shared a look of satisfaction before ducking into the car themselves. No words were exchanged while they drove around Baltimore the long way, taking a few wrong turns here and there to confuse anyone who might've seen the car and the man in the back – though, the sedative was enough to put down a horse for a long while.

Pulling into Hannibal's driveway, Will parked the car in the garage, the Bentley still shiny in the driveway, giving them an alibi for the evening. If anyone questioned their whereabouts for the night, a quiet night in couldn't be debated. The cover of night kept the car they were currently in under the radar; at 3AM, there weren't any prying eyes looking to acquire gossip for the neighborhood pool.

About an hour later, Hannibal passed a smelling salt under Walter Bowerman's nose to rouse him from the sedation, his glossy eyes taking several minutes to focus enough to look between them. The rest of his body was tied down to the surgical table below him, though his mouth was uncovered – Hannibal voiced a want to hear the last breaths dragged out of the man's lungs. He didn't talk, but his eyes moved rapidly between them.

Will didn't need his empathy to feel the fear overtake the room.

Hannibal turned to him then, a vulnerable look on his face. What a time to want to open up. The doctor reached across the space between them, a scalpel in his hands.

"Will you do the honors?" Hannibal questioned – the scalpel in Will's hands before he could even answer.

It didn't take any probing whatsoever to step forward and pass the knife's edge down the middle of Walter's sternum. He watched with hungry eyes as blood spilled from the wound, Walter's eyes now wide, his breaths coming out in harsh wheezes. The word please was on the tip of his tongue, but fear and sedation kept him quiet.

Stuck in his head for a second, Will made all the appropriate cuts to get the skin pulled back with enough room for either of them to stick their hands inside. A rough groan from behind pulled him back to the room, Hannibal's breath was picking up, too – the sound something different, an essential piece of background music that made the blood on Will's hands feel like art.

"I never truly believed how ruthless you could be until right now. You blinked and the sassy man I know completely disappeared. I find myself – affected by the shift," Hannibal admitted, his obvious erection an odd juxtaposition to the plastic murder suits they were still wearing. Tucking his lip between his teeth, Will stopped himself from laughing – in the seriousness of the situation, a chuckle would be severely ill-timed.

"This is me, Hannibal," Will admitted, a dangerous smile on his face. "The monster, the man, the manipulation, the shift – it's all me."

"And it's exquisite," Hannibal answered easily, the hand that handed Will the scalpel landing on his bare cheek. The latex felt odd, yet right at the same time – this was Hannibal in his element, his purest form.

A sticky, spicy sort of tension hung between them as they jointly tackled the harvesting. Hannibal's idea for a reconstruction limited what Will could take – but, he let himself be greedy where he could. The thymus for celebratory sweet breads, the intestines to make sausage from the surprisingly intact kidneys. All the drinking destroyed his liver – a fact that Will mourned. He'd been craving liver and onions.

When all was said and done, Hannibal's fridge was once again full, and a new air of satisfaction existed between them. Though so close to the edge of wanting to jump Hannibal where he stood, Will refused to cross business with pleasure. Throughout the creation of his persona, Will rejected every sexual feeling encompassed in a killer's murderous desire and despite the need he could feel rolling off of Hannibal, Will wouldn't cross that boundary.

"I need to do a few things to prepare for our set up tomorrow night. Go get cleaned up – I'll join you in a few minutes." Hannibal's eyes were already categorizing what was in front of him, his mental list being checked one necessity at a time.

Taking the out, Will stripped himself of his gloves and the murder suit before climbing the stairs into the main part of the house. He kept walking until he was upstairs in the cozy "den" in Hannibal's bedroom. The desire to calm down had him pouring a couple fingers of whiskey, the liquid slipping down his throat with a delightful burn. His mind was swirling with gratitude and satisfaction and a sort of want that he hoped Hannibal would be willing to at least consider.

Will poured another drink down his throat before stripping to nothing and stepping into the shower. He cranked the water up to almost scalding and stood directly in the middle of the spray, the hot liquid sleuthing down his skin in all the right ways. Closing his eyes, relaxation after weeks of planning and anticipating, finally overtook him. His shoulders slumped and the tightness in his chest and stomach finally loosened – like a spring finally losing the force applied to it.

Warm arms wrapping around his shoulders brought Will out of his stupor – Hannibal dropped his face into the crease of his shoulder and neck, his nostrils flaring in a now recognizable sign of affection. At least once a day, Hannibal pulled in a long breath against Will's skin, like if he didn't, he might forget what Will smelt like – how his emotions could change it so easily.

"You were magnificent," Hannibal whispered, his lips moving up and then back down Will's neck, the hands that were once around his shoulders now moving over any inch of skin he could reach. There was a press forward and then a barely there thrust against him – Hannibal's cock was rock hard, the adrenaline from earlier still obviously rampaging through him.

Turning in his arms, Will brought their lips together in a heated kiss, his lips parting instantly, his tongue pressing forward in a not-so-subtle demand for access into the warmth of Hannibal's mouth. Their tongues tangled wildly, neither fighting for dominance, neither moving to take the lead. The connection in the moment was all that mattered – their monsters were acquainting themselves with each other after spending those ruthless minutes together. It was one thing to take someone else apart together – yet, a whole other when it came to breaking each other down, piece by piece.

There was a gradual move from the shower to the bed, despite neither actually cleaning themselves. The desperate need to be conjoined won out over everything else, propriety and the dryness of the sheets be damned. When they finally tumbled onto the mattress, Will was slotted perfectly between Hannibal's legs, cock pressing insistently into the man's toned stomach.

"Can I have you?" Will asked, lips making a path down pecs and across nipples, his tongue following to run along the treasure trail on Hannibal's stomach, the tip swooping into his belly button shamelessly. Between the shower water and the taste of salt on Hannibal's skin, Will was starving by the time he looked up again, his entire body thrumming with pent up energy.

"You can have anything, dear Will – absolutely anything," Hannibal panted out, his muscles twitching with desperate effort to not thrust up, to keep control of himself.

Having never had the opportunity to enjoy Hannibal quite this way, Will wanted to take his time – and would've if the overarching need wasn't so intense. He captured Hannibal's lips in a kiss while simultaneously trying to dig into the bedside drawer that was barely in reach. A sigh of triumph left his lips when his fingers closed around the lube. Their kiss broke, but Hannibal didn't stop his touching.

While Will prepped him as quickly and efficiently as possible, Hannibal kept running his hands all over the place, up Will's back, down his sides, across the length of his shoulders – even along the length of his cock when Will allowed it. Though he was completely splayed open underneath him, Hannibal couldn't control himself, the need to always be touching Will only seemed to be magnified in his surrender.

Impatience set in when Hannibal started to huff out high pitched whines – three fingers deep, Will pressed incessantly against his prostate, watching in awe as every part of his body simultaneously relaxed and clenched up tight. He knew the flutter around his fingers would feel amazing around him – and nothing else really mattered.

"Please, Will – you're driving me crazy," Hannibal moaned around a particularly hard thrust of Will's fingers. "I won't break."

Grinning at the desperation, Will didn't hesitate to pour more lube down Hannibal's crack, the tip of his cock spreading it around as he teased across his hole, the muscle loose now, the ripple of it enticing. Unable to resist, Will caught Hannibal's eyes and steadily pressed in.

"Good God," Will groaned, his face pressing into the side of Hannibal's neck to stop the man from seeing the embarrassing flush of the overwhelming goodness that settled over him. His entire body flared with a delicious heat. Sex with Hannibal was always good, but fuck – he never felt THIS sort of connection before.

Hannibal's legs wrapped around his hips, the heavy mass of them causing Will to sink in a little deeper. His hole fluttered through a clench and without his conscious permission, Will thrust his hips – the tip of his cock settled against Hannibal's prostate. The legs around him tightened, keeping him there.

"Stay for a second," Hannibal babbled, his eyes glazed, both hands scrabbling around to find purchase on Will wherever he could. His nails found an anchor in the skin of Will's back, the sharpness of them digging in – more than likely drawing blood.

"You feel amazing," Will whispered in answer, his nose brushing against Hannibal's – the tactile touch just barely enough to keep his hips at bay.

Heels digging into the small of his back a couple of minutes later was the invitation Will was waiting for. He looked into Hannibal's eyes for that last line of permission and saw no hesitation there – his pupils were completely blown, the maroon there no longer existing in the haze of lust.

The dam broke after a handful of pace conscious strokes. Hannibal's legs tightened around him with every thrust, his cock nestled so deep within there wasn't a second where Will could pick apart where he started and where Hannibal ended. It was hard to take – a passion that

threatened to burn them up from the inside out if it wasn't quelled. And it might never be satisfied.

Reaching a hand between them, Will wrapped his hand tightly around Hannibal's erection, the foreskin was pulled back, and a leaky pool of pre-come dusted the hair on his stomach. With every thrust forward, Will spread the fluid between them, the friction of his belly and hand proving to be so terribly right. Hannibal was babbling in a foreign language and with every dead-on connection to that spot deep within, his entire body clenched. It was delectable and all together way too much.

"I'm close – will you come for me, Hannibal?" Will let the question hang in the air between them, his words punctuated with several hard thrusts right in a row.

Hannibal's eyes disappeared from view, whites completely taking over before a panted out "yes" left wet lips. His face was pinched, the look a familiar one after so much time rolling through intimacy together. It took one more thrust and Hannibal was tumbling over the edge – the tight heat around Will pulling him down and over with him.

"Fuck!" Will screamed, burying his face into Hannibal's neck again. His hips kept up tiny little thrusts until oversensitivity became a real thing.

Will took a couple of minutes to let his breathing come back to normal before shifting to pull out and lay at Hannibal's side. They were sweaty and sticky, completely covered by semen and the remnants of lube and spit from their coupling. As things settled down, Will wondered how it could get more perfect.

There was a beat of silence, then a hand on his chest.

Hannibal turned to face him, his eyes soft and for the first time, looking completely satisfied. Will wanted to kiss the look off his face and went to do so, when Hannibal's next words stopped him dead in his tracks.

"Marry me, Will."

End Notes

Thanks for sticking around, guys! I think there's going to be one more part in this verse - maybe two if inspiration strikes.

If you've got any ideas or things you want to see, leave a comment below!

I broke down and made a tumblr for my hannigram stuff (whispersthroughthechrysalis), follow me over there for prompts and fic goodness :D

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!